

## Blue County

### "Fuck This Job"

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(Bro RJ):

Man, fuck this job

Take this muthafucka and shove it

I make money-money, but not enough of it

With an above average salary, but that's before taxes

Once I get the little check I'm back in the poverty  
bracket

"Let me get my jacket" I asked these fools I carpooled  
with

Stupid, don't get caught in traffic again, you cruisin'

They blow one before we get there, blow blunts at lunch

Sometimes when I'm at work, I don't work, I just sit  
there

With a big glare, picture myself a millionaire

Grillin' my secretaries

(I ain't here...hey Rob, hold my calls)

(Hey, get up! No sleepin' on the job!)

Damn, I dozed off, the last night my company had her  
clothes off

(Hey, wanna work some overtime?)

Naw boss, ain't no benefits in it, cuz I don't claim no  
dependants

(You fired!) Before I even got to finish my sentence

Then I got offended cuz he interrupt me abruptly

I but-but-but my ass, seeing my last pay, and I'm that-a-  
way

Chorus:

Man, fuck this job

Take this muthafucka and shove it

I make money-money, but not enough of it

(Pete):

Everytime it's job related

Eight hours seems stagnated

Doin' someone else's chores, gettin' paid, but I can't  
take it

Man I fake it, and I don't think I make it (why not?)

Mainly cuz I'm unfocused and my only hope is lunch  
breaks

Shit, I should quit, tell 'em stick it where they crap

Matter of fact, let me get up in this bathroom to take a  
nap  
Never did I have a job that I was serious in, or curious  
in  
Every single one I wound up furious in  
I can't help it, I once felt it  
Now I feel it's wasted energy  
I need to spend the day doing something that will  
better me  
Not busing tables, washing dishes, pumping gas  
And fuck lifting boxes, chopping wood, busting ass  
Not moving up the ladder or taking the time to do it  
right  
No patience for other business relations at the job site  
Man, I'm tired of this place, every day going through it  
You can get somebody else for this shit, even a  
monkey can do it

#### CHORUS

(Pete):

They want you highly programmable  
Ain't nothing tangible about no nigga  
Overstand the whole picture  
Corporations support foreing affairs  
Think they care you got your degree and want to start  
your career?  
Ghetto bastard with your bachelors  
Now what's the password?  
Go back and get your masters and own your own  
slaves  
Used to look at the teeth, now they peep the resume  
And then peep up in me, and I'm to good to say  
"Partna, I need this job badly like a muthafucka, I can't  
fake it"  
But 20 g's a year? Man, make it 30 and I'll take it  
Hey can I get the vacation package? Where all the  
perks?  
"Partna, don't push your probation, back to your work  
station"

[spoken]:

Shit basically every single job I ever had I can say fuck  
that job  
(Well then why you worked here?)  
It ain't meanted shit, I just mighta needed it at the time  
For something that I had to do, or something I had to  
pay  
Or some kind of rent or some kind of bills I had to pay  
(Yeah, I can feel that too)  
It don't mean shit (Yeah, it don't mean shit)

I can waste every cent of every dollar I ever had on  
some bullshit  
(I feel you, man ay, fuck these muthafuckas man  
It's like we gotta enterprise our own shit  
And just mass market it, yaknowwhati'msayin?  
Yaknowwhati'msayin? We doin' this shit  
Ay, fuck this job  
And you know why?  
Cuz I was laid, and they still didn't give me my vacation  
pay  
haha

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